

The Careless Curate and the Bloody Butcher :

In a Narrative of sad News from *Chelmsford* in *Essex*, declaring an Execrable Murder Committed by a Barbarous Butcher, who coming home at midnight, and finding the Parson of the Parish in bed with his Wife, in a revengeful passion with his Knife cut off his privy Members, By which he dyed : and the Malefactor being immediately Apprehended, is Committed to *Chelmsford* Gaol. A deplorable Example to deter all sorts of Men and Women from Adultery and Murder.

To the tune of,

Oh women, monstrous women,



Black Murder and Adultery
Are two such sworn Brothers,
That whose are their fathers be
Hot passions are their Mothers,
As will appear in this Narration,
Poze full of woe and lamentation,
When ever came into this Nation,
And by report 'tis true.

From Chelmsford Town in Essex this
Sad Narrative was sent,
I wish 'twere false because there is
A Clergy person in't :
But when the Devil both begin
With fly decoits to draw us in,
Princes and Priests are all but Men
And prone to do amiss.

When p'ety is quite forgot
We fear each Rock and Hail,
This Minister it seems was not
A Curate to himself,

Had he bin so (I must be true I re)
He had not been betray'd by beauty
To lay aside his holy duty,
To run at Butchers Wives.

And though from this Adulterous sin
I can no whit exempt her,
She met much disadvantage when
Her Tutor prov'd her Tempter :
But this is no excuse before
That Judge whom all good men adore
O' plea for playing of the whoze
With any man alive.

They say this Parson often 'spied
This Butchers Wife at Church;
'Twas there that Devil was his guide
Which left him in the lurch :
But that soul fierd is every where
And though 's house of prayer it were
The Devil would have his chappel there
Witness the Butchers Wife.

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The second part, to the same tune.



This Parson did sollicit her
And he in time did yield,
Women are not like men of war
That stoutly keep the field:

One night y^e Butcher went from home
When did this jolly Gamester come
To take some lawless pleasure from
The ravishous Butchers Wife.

But in the midst of all their sport
The blousy Butcher came
Who seeing them in such a sort
Was strangely out of frame:
He star'd and lo'kd about him then
and thought when he y^e black Coat had
Hugh Peters had been all the agen (s^{on})
And tumbling with his Wife.

The Parson and the Woman to
Began to preach and pray,
But he (as blousy Butchers do)
Is deaf to all they say,
Without regard unto his Coat
He took his rival by the throat,
And with a surp flaming hot
He drew a desperate Knife.

The Butcher knel'd upon his brest,
The woman cry'd forbear,
But he (with rancie revenge posses'd)
Cut off his Lady-ware:

He might as well have stab'd his heart
For after grievous pain and smart,
His soul did from his body part,
This Butcher was a Beast.

The Butcher's wife shriek'd and cry'd
Which call'd the Neighbours in,
And there (in little time) they spy'd
Two heinous Acts of sin,
And then the Officers were call'd,
Who to a Justice had him bal'd,
And now he is (like an Oye install'd)
Shut up in Chelmsford Gaol.

There he untill the Sizes come
Is close confin'd to lye,
From whence he may expect his doom:
For surely he shall dye,
His wife is full of sorrow fraught,
To think that he (by courses nought)
Hath such a sad confusion brought
Upon th^{is} Souls at once.

But now 'tis time I should conclude
This fatal sad report,
I hope ther's none will be so rude
To judge the Clergy for't:
They are but Men as well as we,
And subject to infirmity:
God keep us from Adultery,
Malice, Revenge and Bloud.